

Manitou

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Lincoln High School

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POST OFFICE



CAROL AGGEN
'48

The Things We Did

by JOAN CERNY '48

THE postoffice was always crowded at eleven o'clock in the morning when the mail came. Crowded, that is, for ten warm summer weeks and like a ghost the rest of the year. The people in the line pushed forward, anxious for news of the places they had just as anxiously left. Straight in front of me I could see red and white checks, and moving my head sideways as much as possible in my crowded position, I saw more checks. Looking upward I saw more checks, finally the collar of the shirt, a tanned neck and then blond hair. Looking so high to see a person's head was strange and wonderful, and without even seeing his face, I felt a little tingle of thrill for this person who was tall, so much taller than I.

He was at the window now, and when he turned around empty-handed, he laughed and said as if to himself, "Better check up on my fans. After all, two days and no mail yet . . ." I suppose I wanted to say something light and funny, but the blue eyes with their lazy humor were too compelling, and all I could manage was to grab the mail the postmaster placed on the sill for me.

Outside, I sat in my usual place, the second from the top step, and unfolded the paper from my home town.

"Manitowoc," said the Voice, and added, "you live there?" He sat down on the top step, his legs sprawling to the sidewalk, and held the other half of the opened paper. Together we read a few articles, and he asked me some questions, like if I knew some person mentioned in a story. We talked a lot, laughed a lot, not at all as if we had never seen each other before. In one flash of guilt I wondered what I was doing sitting with a boy whose name I didn't even know. But this was a vacation town, small and friendly because everyone

was lazy and content under the warm sun.

We rode down to our cottage in his jalopy, and ate spaghetti in tomato sauce right from the jar, a coffee cake he found in the back of the car, and then, to top it off, drank a quart of chocolate milk. We rode out to the observation tower and raced the seventy-six steps to the top. Up there you can see for miles over the bay waters, and all the bends of the shore seem like Indian paths that no one has walked over for a hundred years or more.

"Gee! It kinda' takes your breath away," he said in quiet reverence. The wind blew his hair into a tangly, curly mass that seemed to fit in with his deep tan and flashing smile, and my heart jumped when it was directed at me.

When he left me at the cottage, he said he'd be down that night, and I told him to be early, because there was a deadline for my coming in.

"Sure, kid," he grinned, "I understand—parents!"

There aren't many places to go in a resort town, that is, if you don't visit taverns, and we didn't. We just rode around, and over the noise of the engine (poor muffler) he tried to tell me about the horses.

"You see," he explained, "they buy these horses to feed the foxes, horses that can't be broken. We ride them bareback, and once in a while some one can break one in, if the horse doesn't break him in first. They're beautiful horses, all of them, and some day I want to live in the country, not too far from a city, and raise horses. Kind of a sideline."

I could see it all, a large white house, a small stable in back and . . .

"Hey! There's a cherry orchard!" he shouted. He stopped the car; we got out,

jumped a small ditch and began looking for the biggest, reddest, sourest cherries we could steal. We filled his letter-sweater pockets and made our escape.

Just as we threw the last cherry stone out the car window, I remembered!

"Omigosh! They spray these cherries with poison so the sparrows won't eat them."

"Bad sparrows, aren't we?" he remarked. It didn't seem to bother him at all. He just grinned and said, "Well, before I die—" and then he kissed me. I forgot all about the poisoned cherries.

We went swimming, fishing, and hiking. There were camp fires at night with kids from all over the United States.

It was Wednesday we met, and he was to leave Saturday, but somehow he postponed it to Monday, then Tuesday. That meant he would be two days late for football practice, and though he didn't say it, I knew he should have gone back.

The Sunday before he left, we followed our usual ritual and walked down to the pier to look at the boats that had come in that day. Tied one behind the other, they bobbed up and down in the rough water, never in unison, but in a continual pattern. The moon was so bright you could almost see the shadow of the masts, and out in rougher water we could see the white sail of a skiff dipping back and forth, sometimes almost touching the water.

"Five days," he said, "and in that time we've discovered something. I can't believe I haven't known you all my life. We think alike; we want the same things; we are for each other." I don't think I'll ever forget the way he looked at me when he said that.

Tuesday morning when he stopped the car in front of the cottage he just said, "This is it, kid," and winked. The car choked, he started it so fast. I watched him ride away till he came to a bend in the road, and I could see him watching me in the rear view mirror.

I didn't feel anything then, there wasn't any emptiness, any sadness, but I knew that

it would come later, whenever I would see a camp fire in the distance, or see a boy and girl walk hand-in-hand. There was no consolation in writing, because a dozen letters couldn't take the place of being with him for one minute.

His letters came, and although I can't explain why, I didn't answer them. It was like clinging to a thread that was slowly slipping through my fingers. Yet I couldn't break that thread, couldn't resist hanging on and hoping.

I thought about him all the time, just walking down the road, swimming in the water that was almost ice from the cold August rains, and then back home, helping with the dishes, going to the show, raking leaves. I didn't want to talk about him to any one, but he was so wonderful I guess I just had to mention some things about him.

We wrote, but not too often, and each letter was worse for me. I wanted to forget I ever knew him because the loneliness without him was like a vacuum. He was a person who could fill your life completely.

Once he wrote, "There's a song, *The Things We Did Last Summer*, and it must have been written for us. I don't know all the words, but there's 'the moon light on the lake . . . the fun we had . . . hummed our favorite tune . . .', that was us."

A song can do so much more than a letter, and for awhile I didn't try to forget. But then one day I listened to all the words. "The leaves began to fade like promises we made," that, too, was our song, and "how could a love like ours go wrong?"

Like the song, our promises slowly faded. Someone said, "Well, gee, what can you expect. That was a summer romance. They never last."

It's been a long time now, and I don't think of him very often. But once in a while, when I hear a song that reminds me of him, I wonder if he ever thinks of me; that's when I wish it were summer again and we were stealing sour cherries.

Challenge to Man

by PHYLLIS CREAGER '48

Why can't the nations of this world forget
Their needless fights and all suspicions cease?
Why can't each person come to know regret
That though the war is won, we have no peace?
Is this what we have fought so hard to gain?
Is this what we have bought at such a cost?
If this it is, we sacrificed in vain,
And all that we accomplished is now lost.
We must assail our doubts and put them hence,
If we would have a happy, tranquil world;
Tear down our prejudices like a fence,
So that all flags are side by side unfurled.
We must stretch forth a helping hand to others,
That men may all unite and live as brothers.





I liked it

by KATHLEEN BUSSE '48

CAN you really have fun going to a one-room school? Believe me, you can. I went to a little one-room school from first grade up through eighth and I really had lots of gay times.

There were three pupils in our grade. Yes, just three girls. Theresa, Laurain, and I were as close as any three girls could ever be. Everything I knew Theresa and Laurain knew too; everything they knew I knew too.

When we were in first grade, the first and second graders were always sent outside to play while the older kids studied. We were told we needed more exercise than they did. The only exercise we got was in making a mad dash from the school door to the top of a dilapidated old slide, a distance of about forty feet. We sat there for as long as a half hour because we were scared to death of the skunks that were usually ambling contentedly around the school. For all I know, there still might be a family of skunks under the school.

Our school was set right on top of a rather steep hill. In winter we would bring our sleds and skis to school. We would come to school as early as possible and stay as long as possible. There wasn't a nice, wintry day that went by that we didn't get soaked through several layers of clothing. After noon hour we all sat back in the corner next to the stove to dry our clothing. The boys invariably had to strip to the skin and put on some old costumes which we found in the attic.

The whole stove was decorated with mittens, snowpants, trousers, scarfs, jackets, and anything else we happened to have on while we were playing in the snow.

At the bottom of the hill, a creek bubbled on endlessly. When we got older we would also bring our skates. We'd go skating before schooltime, during noon hour, after school, all day Saturday and Sunday, and every other spare moment. I'll never forget the noon hour we skated down to Lake Michigan and got back to school an hour and a half late. We really had a swell teacher though. We didn't even have to stay after school.

In spring the boys would bring fish nets, and we'd all sit on the banks of the creek and watch them dip their nets. It almost killed some of us girls to keep quiet all noon hour, but we had to if we wanted to watch the boys fish. I guess we would have died if we would have missed seeing any one catch a fish. Of course, we never did see anybody pull a sucker out of the water, but it wasn't our fault. We were always there, and we kept as quiet as could be expected.

Besides the aforementioned, the merry-go-round, and children's usual games, another favorite sport of ours was walking on top of the wooden fence around the school yard. Every time we fell we had to go back and start at the beginning again. I guess I got all the way around once during my eight years of school there. In my last year the school board put an end to this sport because both the fence and our clothes began to show signs of hard wear.

When the war came we too got into the war spirit and played army continuously. We would run up and down the hills along the creek, shooting make-believe tommy guns at make-believe enemy soldiers. We even designated one hill as an enemy

prison camp and spent half of our time crawling under make-believe barbed wire fences to escape the enemy. We also called the creek the Rhine.

We always celebrated holidays. On Hallowe'en, Thanksgiving, Valentine's Day, Washington's and Lincoln's birthdays, and other minor holidays we would have candy and a short program for the kids in school. But Christmas was really a big blowout. About a month and a half before Christmas we'd start practicing for the program which was to be given at night for any one who wished to attend. Every single one of us had to sing, or at least try to sing, a solo. How that poor audience must have suffered! We all wore fancy costumes in the operetta, and I'm sure we all thought Broadway was ready and waiting for us.

I'll never forget one Christmas program when two other kids and I were pretending to be asleep during one of the typical "Christmas dream" plays. All went well until we were supposed to wake up. I accidentally kicked my foot into the boy's face, and the tough little character yelled out, "Darn it, get your foot outta my face." It brought the biggest applause that evening.

During that very same program that very same boy and I were sitting out in front watching another play that was being given. All had been forgiven. We both wanted to get backstage, so we grabbed hands and made one bee-line across the middle of the stage during a very dramatic scene. My ears still ring every time I think of the calling-down we got from our teacher the next day.

There was a little hallway in our school which we fixed up and used as a kitchen. Each week two boys or two girls were appointed to make the hot dish and wash the dishes. The menu was never more than hot chocolate or soup, for which we paid two cents a day. We ate this along with the lunches we brought from home. By the

time I graduated from eighth grade I didn't know how cocoa that wasn't burned tasted.

I'll never forget the time our teacher did not go to a convention in Milwaukee. We were sure every other teacher in Wisconsin would be at that convention and we were the only kids that had school that day. We resented it. When the bell rang we refused to go into school. Instead, we ran down the hill and sat on the fence singing *The Old Gray Mare* at the top of our lungs so we couldn't hear the bell. It didn't take long until Miss Sickles, our teacher, came outside and calmly announced, "I'll give you two minutes to get into school and into your seats." We beat her by a minute and a half.

The war meant more to us than just fun. We fixed up a corner in our school and when we had finished our studying, we would work on things for the Red Cross. We made several knitted and several woolen afghans which were sent to soldiers' hospitals.

It's true that country schools don't offer all the educational opportunities city schools do; it's true that the teacher must teach all eight grades and therefore cannot devote nearly as much time to each class as a city teacher does; it's true that students can't choose their playmates as city kids do. But I believe that country schools have a slight edge over city schools. Nature is right on hand to help the pupils in their sciences; the pupils must have their work properly prepared so the teacher can zip right through the class periods and stay on schedule; the kids have to learn to get along with each other if they don't want to play by themselves.

I suppose I have missed a lot of book-learning by going to a country school, but I would not give up the homey, friendly, close feeling I got in our little, one-room school on the hill for all the book-learning I have missed.

Mood in Church

by CAROLE STANGEL '50

THE faint rustlings of handkerchiefs, hands, and turning heads are growing louder. Soon the sound is as loud as the singing of the birds from a nearby tree. The sweet smell of clover and flowers is mingled with the smell of hot, sticky bodies. Mass on this hot, sultry Sunday in July is about to begin.

Suddenly all is quiet; the people are kneeling in worshipful adoration to the Lord. Only the singing of the birds and the faint murmurings of the priest are heard. But as time goes on, different sounds are noticed. First a book is dropped, then some one has a spell of sneezing, and at intervals a window is protestingly opened or closed.

How hard it is to concentrate on your prayers! How your mind wanders! You are out in that field with the birds, frolicking around with them; then suddenly you are swimming in a cool lake. All at once you

are rudely brought back to church and your prayers. Father turns around and begins his sermon, "My brethren, even though it is hot . . ." but that is all you hear.

Bells! Where are they coming from? You face the altar; it is time for the offertory. All day-dreaming is gone. Everyone starts to pray with great fervor because soon Jesus Christ Himself will be here, on that very altar in front of you. Bells chime again. You humbly look up. Are you really worthy to look upon God? Your lips and heart pray as they have never prayed before. The mood in the entire church is changed, from one of rustlings and wandering minds to one of deep worship from which no mind or heart can wander.

Soon Mass is over. The people stream out of the church into the hot sun. Some go to a day of work on a bustling farm, others to a day of picnicking and fun, but all carry in their hearts the feeling of that peaceful mood in church.

Dance Date

by KENNETH MEYER '49

"YOU look beautiful tonight," said Al as Ellen came down the stairs.

He helped with her coat, and as they went out, the parents called, "Good night. Have a good time."

They got into the car parked in the driveway, riding in silence as Allan drove to the dance. They left the car in the parking lot and went into the gym where the dance was being held.

After checking their coats, they went onto the dance floor and started to dance,

dreamily and close together. Being strangers to most of the other dancers, they were seldom interrupted. This seemed to satisfy them perfectly. After the dance was over, they went to a restaurant and had something to eat before going home.

Hearing the car turn into the driveway, the father listened to the closing of the car doors and the sound of footsteps on the porch. Then, before going back to sleep, he whispered to his wife, "The twins are home, dear."

Mary

by JEANNETTE BERG '48



MONDAY IS WASH DAY



LOOK AT THIS NICE BABY!



THAT'S MY DADDY'S PLANE

"I MARY—not Lizbeth Kluth," was the reply given by my three year old niece, Mary Lizbeth Kluth when her mother told her what her middle and last names were. Mary simply can't figure out where the Lizbeth Kluth part of her name comes in. To her it's just plain Mary.

You'd be crazy about Mary. Her big blue eyes, blond curly hair and cute little dimpled elbows make her irresistible. Her happy-go-lucky disposition makes everybody about her gay.

Mary has always wanted to go to a basketball game so one night her mother took her to one of our high school games. She was astonished by the roughness of the game. When the band played and everybody clapped his hands and cheered, Mary clapped her hands and cheered just as loudly as the surrounding fans. Her eyes sparkled as she sat there, and she loved that night. The next day her grandmother asked her how she liked the game, and Mary quickly replied, "Oh, gee, Gramma, it was the nicest fight!" That's Mary — always a cute, surprising answer.

Mary considers herself quite grown-up and has quite a mania for babies. When she and her mother go downtown, Mary goes up to a girl or boy twice as big as she and says, "Look at this nice little baby, Mom," and then stands there and talks baby talk to the so-called "baby" towering a few feet above her.

Mary knows that Monday is wash day and is up bright and early to do her washing in her toy washer. She rolls up her sweater sleeves and from there on her every action is a replica of her mother's. When she finishes, the "washed-out" clothes are filthier than when she started, but she hangs them up and walks up the stairs hand-in-hand with her mother, relieved at having her washing done.

One day while Jigger, our dog, and Mary were playing together an airplane flew over the house. They listened for a minute and then suddenly ran over to the window to find the plane. As they stood side by side by the window, Mary whispered, "Jigga, that's my daddy's plane up in the heaven that you see."

They stood there for a minute and watched the airplane climb into the depths of the blue heaven beyond.

THE VIRTUOSO — almost

by SHIRLEY DREWS '48

WE HAVE a piano. It's been one of the most martyred pianos in captivity. This is because of my unpredictable musical career.

Our piano was purchased when I was six years old. Mother decided that seeing I had no beauty I must have talent. So my music lessons commenced. I could do my scales fairly well, rattle off *My Country 'Tis Of Thee* with ease, but I was the acme of perfection when it came to *Doctor, Doctor, Can You Tell*, and *Nobody Likes Me, Everybody Hates Me*.

When my cousins came over I would let my overactive imagination get completely away from me and do an impromptu concert for them. I would play my own concertos, scherzos, and etudes combining such ear shattering and melodyless chromatic passages that Bach would have turned over in his grave and Petrillo would've resigned.

My faithful cousins would applaud violently, confirming my belief that I was a true genius, and pay me very willingly my fee of a nickel. This practice was discontinued when Mother and my aunt found out that once they gave me their Sunday school money.

For three long years I faithfully pranced down to my music lesson every Saturday at eleven and practiced one hour every night. When I was nine, my music teacher gave a recital, and I played Schubert's *Serenade*. Four weeks previous to the concert my family ate, slept, and took a bath to *Serenade*.

The night of the recital I played it excellently, superbly. So my mother, father, brother, three aunts, neighbor, six girl friends, and music teacher told me. Truly though, I didn't make a single mistake and

had the fortissimo and pianissimo at the right spots.

In the next six weeks every time some one came to the house, be it my Dad's boss or the paper boy, I had to bang out *Serenade*. It got so I felt as if I had more right to claim it than Schubert!

In eighth grade my progress wasn't. I made huge alibis to skip my lessons and couldn't even do justice to *Chopsticks*. Finally, after months of arguing I convinced Mother to let me quit my lessons. She told me how completely sorry I'd be when I grew up and how ridiculous it was for me to quit when I was doing so brilliantly. I loathe saying it, but Mother was right. A few months later I found myself slipping to the piano and fingering out *Moonlight Sonata* or some bit of Tschaikowsky.

One day I discovered I had the ability to play by ear. I could in a period of fifteen minutes figure out a popular song complete with the left hand plus an occasional trill. So I spent every possible moment composing boogie or a good arrangement of *Star-dust*. I got the ear system drummed in me so deep that I couldn't even play sheet music by notes, but would throw in my own chords. Mother insisted I play by note or not at all.

Suddenly I got the inspiration to be a poetess so I departed from the keyboard, and I'd lock myself in my room (I called it a garret) and by starvation (I'd never bring a lunch up) I'd write poetry. To make it more romantic I'd turn off the lights and compose by flashlight.

When my brother left for the army we took in a boarder. He looked like Cary Grant, only more so. I fell passionately in love with him. When I learned he liked

Liszt, I scooted down, dusted off the piano and bought every bit of Liszt I could afford. I played Liszt morning, night and noon, and all day Sunday. When I found out our boarder was engaged, I vowed I'd never touch another piano, for the scar on my heart was too deep.

Then I saw a picture "Song to Remember", the story of Chopin, and I was convinced I'd become a concert pianist and become very famous and after a long gallant struggle I'd go to Carnegie Hall. For six months I played diligently, but I was very rusty. I couldn't tell a flat from a sharp, and the piano was way out of tune.

Then I joined the journalism class and decided I'd be a great, brilliant journalist and maybe a foreign correspondent. So Chopin went back into the piano bench.

One night my brother came home on furlough bringing a buddy with him. They

were going to the show and the buddy (*never* my brother) asked me to go along. I saw "Song to Remember" again and I felt that urge to tickle the ivories again, not because of the brilliant plans of a female Iturbi, but because I truly loved music and loved producing it, playing it.

Just at that time we started collecting orphan babies, and I could never practice because some one was always sleeping. So I started buying classical music records and listening to the symphony every Sunday, waiting for the day when some one wasn't napping.

The orphans are gone now, and I can freely sit down and play *Clair de Lune* to my heart's content. And even if the F sharp is way out of tune and low C won't even play I'm sticking to it. I think this time's for keeps . . .

THE MAN IN GREY

by LADY ELEANOR SMITH

by CECILIA PEASCHEK '49

"The Man In Grey", by Lady Eleanor Smith, is the story of dark and splendid passion as well as a dazzling picture of a great era.

It was Mary Rohan, bride of the scion of an ancient English house, who, during her husband's absence at the front in France, discovered in his ancestral home the clues that led her back to the eighteenth century and the strange story of the beautiful Clarissa, Marchioness of Rohan, and her husband, the Man In Grey, whose ruined and haunted face was pictured in an old portrait. Mary read the worn, yellowed papers and examined the lovers' tokens that she had found. From them she pieced together the tragic story of the starred marchioness and the evil woman who blighted her life. Never did Mary suspect that the curse visited on the Rohans in the time of the Regency still hung over them in 1941. The old diaries and passion-

ate love letters revealed how Clarissa fell in love with a reckless adventurer after she had ceased to interest her husband. It tells of dark Hesther Shaw who persecuted Clarissa to death. Hesther, the penniless girl, whom Clarissa had befriended at school, later becomes the mistress of the Man In Grey and contrives to bring Clarissa to ruin. Mary Rohan herself felt the baleful influence of Hesther still pursuing the family, and learned too late that the curse would never be lifted while a Rohan lived.

The novel is a rich, brooding, and enthralling story that moves from the dark Rohan country seat of the present day back to gay sunlit Bath and London of the lavish Regency period. The clues left to his descendants by the Man In Grey to solve the mystery of Clarissa's death lead to a story of wonderful emotional appeal, mystery, and romance.

Beauty

by DOROTHY ANN ZAGRODNIK '49

It dazzled,
It sparkled,
It gave off radiant light.
Its white perfection shone,
As I walked into the night.

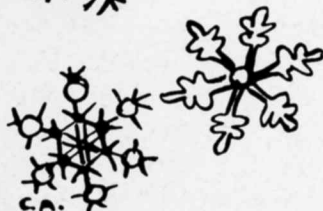


It glistened,
It glittered,
It illuminated the world,
As it came down in beautiful silence,
With its radiance unfurled.



It sailed,
It floated,
It coasted on the breeze,
As it came down with gracefulness,
And settled softly on the trees.

It enlightened,
It brightened,
It gave radiance to the sky,
As I watched it in wonderment,
With the hours passing by.



It rested,
It reposed,
Upon the world below.
Oh, how I wish I knew the secrets
Of the gloriously radiant snow.

Unforgettable ♦ ♦ ♦

by ELMER PFEFFERKORN '50

AS I sat musing at a library table, I heard a door creak, then a faltering footstep behind me. Glancing back, I observed an old man who totteringly approached, smiled apologetically, and said, "Pardon me, boy, could I—that is, is this chair taken?"

When I assured him that it was not, he sat down slowly. Trembling he searched for his spectacles, perched them insecurely on the end of his nose, and almost immediately became engrossed in a small book which he opened to a marked page. He was wearing an old, much-too-thin overcoat which, when opened, showed a faded, patched, once-blue shirt with a yet unrepaired rent in a sleeve. I left the table for a moment and on my return I glanced at the page he was studying so intently. It was *Othello*, Act II, Scene One. Sensing my presence, he turned and mumbled, "A good play, lad. Yah, very good."

Moving toward my chair, I noticed another reader at our table, a rather large, middle-aged woman. My eyes rested on her reading matter: also Shakespeare! She pivoted and gave me an icy stare which sent me back to my seat. From there, I examined her. She was obviously wealthy, having a fur coat, gold earrings, and several rings.

"Strange, I thought, that these two opposites should both be reading Shakespeare; he part way into *Othello*, she beginning *Romeo and Juliet*." Then I settled back to read a collection of somewhat dull essays. Five-ten-fifteen minutes passed; I found it necessary to find the definition of a word. Returning, I again glanced over the old man's shoulder. Only beginning Act III. The woman, having discarded Shakespeare, was paging through a latest best seller. As I watched the slight movement of the old man's lips as he intently studied the text, I began thinking. Enjoyment of good literature is not limited to the upper class nor is it always found in a member of that group. True culture has no monetary level.

The woman, however, would be the one to brag to her club about the delightful hours she spent with Shakespeare. Who at the factory would know of the man's reading *Othello*? No one. Why his fellow workers would laugh if . . .

A sound broke my meditation. He was going, I heard his cheery "Good night" to the librarian, heard the doors slam, and saw him wend his way under the street light, still clutching his book, and disappear into the darkness.

Unforgettable? Yes, unforgettable.

Friendships

by JODELLE SCHMIDTMAN '49

To me there aren't words to express
The joys that grow from friendliness,
The love that glows from just a smile
Of understanding kindness.

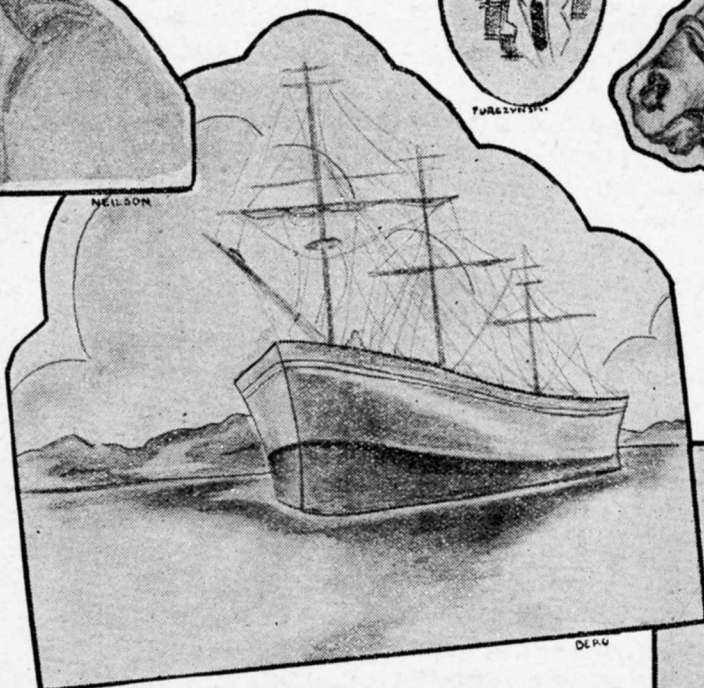
Sketches..



FURBER



CHOEASRA

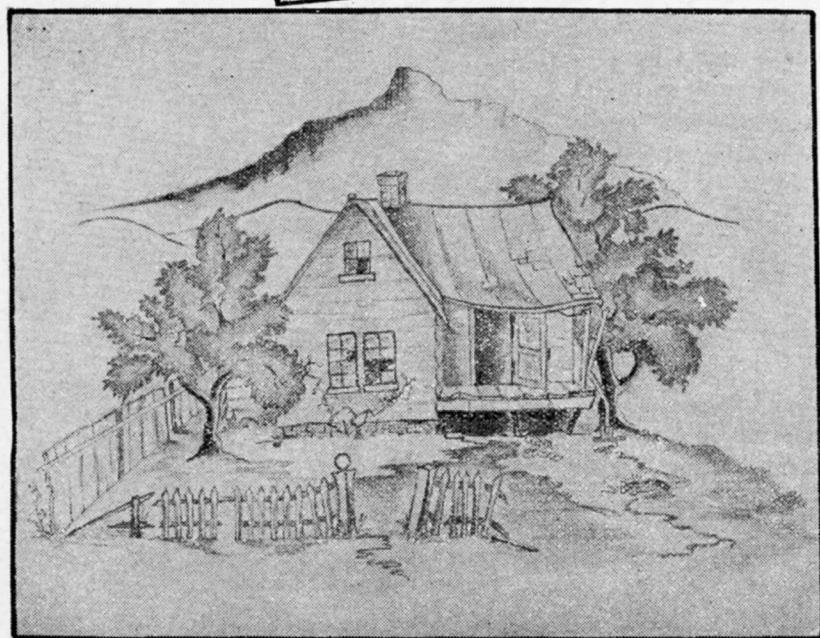


NELSON

DEAN



TURLEY



VENDT



KARN

Gentle, Kind —

Pete

by MARY SINGER '50

AS I picked up the paper with hands still wet from doing the supper dishes, I hurriedly glanced at the headlines and turned to the society page. I scanned the usual items of interest, read the funnies, and thumbed back to read the front page once more. But I didn't get to the first page. A picture stared up at me, a picture of a man, a very old man, stirring some faint memory. As I looked more closely, I read curiously the one short paragraph under his picture. "Peter Swenson, 75, died early yesterday . . ." Pete . . . A tear sprang to my eye. Dear gentle, kind Pete, dead! Why it seemed only yesterday that I followed him down the shady streets trying to walk on the curbing like a tightrope walker. Yesterday, nine short, fleeting years ago.

* * * * *

It was in 1939, and jobs were scarce. Pete was one of the hundreds of men out of work and had taken a job as a street sweeper so he wouldn't have to go on relief. He didn't look his sixty-odd years as he shuffled down the street whistling a little tune known only to himself. He usually wore a ragged pair of overalls that were slightly "high water from being caught in the rain" as Pete jokingly put it. His faded but clean shirt had a frayed collar and cuffs, and decrepit old hat sat on his disheveled, curly grey hair.

SKETCHES

Portrait by Marjorie Nielsen '48, Third Place Winner . . . Ship by Joanne Berg '48, Second Place Winner . . . Horse's Head by Cynthia Shoblaska '50 . . . Plant by Edwin Karn '48 . . . Mountain Shack by Joan Wenstadt '49 . . . Miniatures by Carl Turczynski '49.

I met Pete for the first time one morning when I was sitting on the curbing playing jacks all alone. Pete was pushing his broom and barrel down the other side of the street. With the usual curiosity of a seven year old child, I walked over and solemnly surveyed his work. Pete looked at me with a twinkle in his blue eyes, but didn't say a word. I followed him all the way down the street and then up again on the other side. The sun was hot on that side and Pete finally stopped, took out his handkerchief, and wiped his brow. Then he smiled at me again and asked if I ate a lot of peanut butter. A little puzzled, I asked him why he had asked that. By the time he had explained that peanut butter had given me my numerous freckles, we were old friends. Every day, rain or shine, Pete would come shuffling down the street, and I would come running out to meet him. He often found marbles or balls when he swept, so he would take them home, wash them, and give them to me the next day.

Pete had a lot of other friends, but he always used to pull my pigtails and tell me I was his favorite. I guess Pete knew just everything. I would follow him for blocks, asking him questions and telling him my secret joys and sorrows. He always understood me. One day I met him, crying, for my mother had given me a spanking. He put down his broom, put me on his knee, and asked me what I had done. I told him that I had broken my brother's truck because he wouldn't let me play with it. Pete gravely set me down and looked very sorrowful. He said that he was very much ashamed of me and that he wouldn't be my friend any more if I didn't tell my brother I was sorry and save my money to buy him a new one. Alarmed at that, I hastily stopped crying and promised I would at once.

Pete was always like that. He always knew and did what was right. He wasn't ashamed of his job, not at all. Instead, he was proud to be working. He used to say that as long as a man worked and sweat for his daily bread and a roof over his head,

he need not be ashamed of his work. He would do odd favors for the women in the neighborhood. Very often he would help carry a rug out to be cleaned in the spring or climb up a ladder and loosen a window that was stuck. That was Pete's way. He would have to work harder to get his streets all swept when he helped some one, but he didn't mind.

But then the summer was over. The day before school started, I talked to Pete for the last time. With a tear rolling down my chubby cheek, I tried to find the right words to say goodbye, but Pete understood as he always had. He took my hand in his old, worn ones and pressed it softly. Then he said in a low tone, "Don't feel bad, Freckles. Winter won't be long, and by next spring I will have a whole collection of marbles to give you." With a sob, I told him I didn't care about the marbles, I just wanted him. He shook his wizened head and sadly reached into his pocket. He pressed a cold, hard object into my hand and whispered a soft "Goodbye, Freckles." Then he turned and went on. I opened my hand and gazed at the object through a haze of tears. It was a big, shiny steely. A perfect steely, one that would win the best marbles in the neighborhood. But suddenly it looked hateful. With a cry I threw the steely as far as I could. Then I ran into the back field, buried my face in the tall grass, and cried my heart out. Pete was gone.

* * * *

I dropped the newspaper and was surprised to find tears streaming down my face. I remembered the disappointment of that next summer, and how I missed him. There was no Pete. There would never be any more Petes, either. Instead, huge, man-made machines whipped the leaves and dirt up hungrily into their black mouths. Yes, Pete is gone, but he has gone to a place where there is no hot sun or cold rain to beat down on his back. He has left me something more than a few marbles; he has left me a wiser and better way to go down that road called "Life".

Thank you, God

by DOLORES ROHAN '50

Is there a sweeter sound than the trill of
"Taps",

Or a more beautiful sight than the raising
of the flag?

I think not.

When the soft tones of the lovely melody

Tremble in the still air,

And the stars and stripes slowly rise into
the sky,

I feel a tingle in my spine,

And strangely, my eyes fill.

I wish to thank You, dear God,

For giving me this great gift,

American heritage.

How easily You could have placed me

In a country of desolation, warfare,

Where democracy is only a whisper,

And tyranny the rule.

But rather, You placed me in America,

Unworthy though I be.

And so, when I salute the flag,

And listen to the beautiful "Taps",

With grateful heart I thank You, God,

For this dear gift.

AND TELL OF TIME

by LAURA KREY

Reviewed by PAULA BEHNKE '49

Although definitely a historical novel, "*And Tell of Time*" is by no means an original story.

We follow the hero of our story, Cairn Darcy, from the Civil War until his hair is "sprinkled with silver".

After returning from the war, he falls in love with and marries his cousin. Sooner or later everyone in the book marries his or her cousin. All is one big happy family, supposedly. Complications set in; Pappy wants him back in Texas. He returns, solves all immediate problems, and sets good, old Brazos back on its feet.

About this time it seems appropriate for a few people to die. So.....about ten or twelve of the old folks, who have never been sick in their lives, die. Cairn, being of kind nature, has now taken about nine neighbor children to support, and there are thirteen children in all.

Every two or three pages our author puts in another election for brave, fearless Cairn so he can again show his loyalty to Texas. It seems to me our hero has singlehanded cleared the state of Texas of all evils, especially Negroes.

Our story ends where Cairn feels he has accomplished exactly nothing in this world. Chances are he hasn't. What can a person expect of a man who has a chipped hip-bone and a bullet floating around his ribs? His wife comforts him by saying that he has built roads and schools, been on the school board, been justice of peace and been sheriff. Lots of it was dangerous work and.....ah, nuts!

"*And Tell of Time*" is an author's attempt to write an interesting history book. Note, dear readers, I said attempt. Hint to the readers of this book, it can be taken in place of a sedative.

Red Rough

by GRETCHEN HOYER '48

January 3, 1948

My dear Mr. Magate

Put no dots after Magate is o.k.? I not know and husband out and even if were home would not know so I not put dots. Hope is o.k. But that not why write letter. Is to tell you I use Magates Miracle Soap and sorry to say no miracle. Face still red rough. Would like much if would advise me and change mixture of soap so face not red rough. Is matter of life and death. Husband not snuggle up to cheek no more. Says could wash clothes on face. This not all true but soon may be. So see my problem. Husband may leave. Address is when you write me letter of thanks for telling soap not good and advice, 4105B Sandy Ave., Kukamunga, Ken.

Sincerely till I hear

Gladys (Snookie) Karloff

P.S. First Karloff was Gronostern but husband change. Says I look like Boris. Is nice? But say look like Boris before red rough. Now say look like I not put down, maybe secretary shy.

January 14, 1948

Dear Mr. Magate.

Second letter and you no answer. Notice put one dot after Magate, now maybe you answer. Time is going on, face still red rough. Husband mad. Me too. Ads say Magates Miracle cure. You lie. Not nice thing to say but true.

Hurry with letter of thanks and advice,

Gladys (Snookie) Karloff

P.S. Address is 4105B Sandy Ave., Kukamunga, Ken.

February 1, 1948

Dear Magate:

Three times I write, no answer. Put two dots, now you answer? Maybe you sick. Sore throat I bet. Try Magates Miracle. Is supposed to cure red rough. Mine still here and husband madder. Afraid of other women. Do not want to be a John's other wife. Cannot be. His name is Reuben. But still, do not want to be Reuben's other wife either.

You want to break up home? No. Then send letter to 4105B Sandy Ave., Kukamunga, Ken.

Gladys (Snookie) Karloff

February 11, 1948

Magate:.

Fourth time. Now put three dots. Answer now? Hope so. Life in danger. Cannot earn own living. Not want to live on charity, want to live on Reuben. Is o.k. with me if you do not thank for telling soap is bad, letter of advice all needed. Hurry!

Almost without home,

Gladys (Snookie) Lake

P.S. Husband change name to Lake. Says I should be at bottom.

P.S. Address is 4105B Sandy Ave., Kukamunga, Ken.

March 1, 1948

My dear Mr. Magate

I not put dots. Don't care if you not answer. Husband has now 5:00 shadow. Says not care if face red rough if he can keep shadow. I say o.k.

Yours happy,

Gladys (Snookie) Karloff

P.S. Name back to Karloff so see everything o.k.

HOUSE ON THE HILL

by ALICE MAY RHODE '48

THE SUN shines down on the hill and the valley and the plain beyond, but its beams cannot penetrate the blanket of pines that cast their eerie, solemn shadow over the house that stands on the top of the hill.

The Towers, named after the family that has lived in this house for generations, is large and gray, very majestic and dignified. Like the house, the members of the Towers family have always had a hard, cold shell of poise, dignity, and superiority.

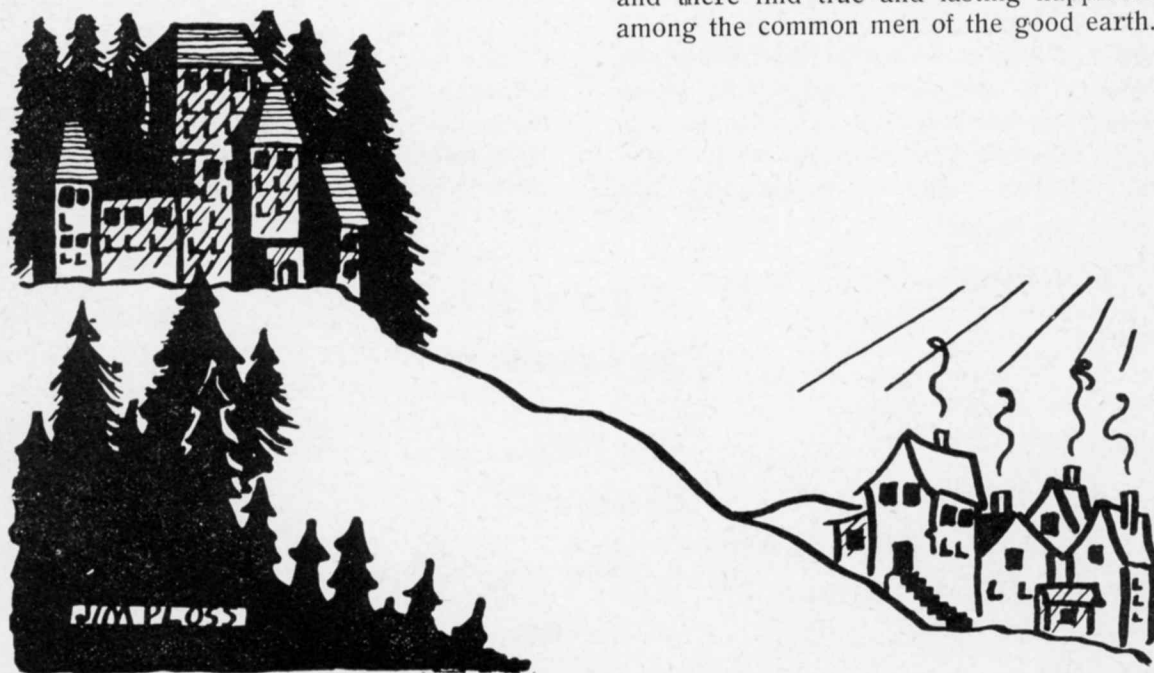
At the bottom of the hill in the valley below is a quaint little town of good, common folk. Honest people live in this town, reap the harvest of the forest, and dream. They dream one dream. They dream of life at the top of the hill in the house of state-
liness. They dream, and sigh, and then return to their common quiet ways.

I too lived in that village, and learned its ways, and found warmth in the laughter

of the people, and peace in their church, and rest in their night. I too dreamed. I dreamed their dream. Each night I would dream and each free moment I would look at that house. I would pray that someday I might do more than see the house from the very bottom of the valley.

Then God must have grown tired of my pleading. He granted me my wish. John Towers came down into the valley of sunshine and joy. He led me up the narrow path to the brow of the hill, through the moaning pines, over the white gravel drive, up the steps, across the veranda, and into the house called The Towers.

God, grant this plea of mine. Let my son go down from this hill of power and pomp. Let him leave the sick greed for gold that rules at the crown of the summit. Let him not grow weak because too many hands wait upon his fancies and desires. Let him be strong to go down into the valley below and there find true and lasting happiness among the common men of the good earth.



Out of Reach

by KENNETH MEYER '49

THE boy arrived at the beach riding a battered bicycle. Placing this behind a bush along with his tattered T-shirt, patched overalls, and worn sneakers, he emerged onto the beach wearing faded blue trunks. Looking around as though searching for something, he slowly made his way along the crowded beach to the water. After one last look around, he waded out until



the water was deep enough, then swam with powerful strokes to one of the rafts.

Standing next to the diving tower he surveyed the swimming area and beach until he sighted what he was looking for. She had just come out of the bath-house, wearing a one-piece bathing suit whose whiteness was dazzling in the bright sunlight. The boy watched as she swam gracefully around, ending at the next raft. Then

she performed several beautifully executed dives before returning to the beach. As she took off her bathing cap and spread a blanket on a patch of unoccupied sand, the boy swam in and found a vantage point near the edge of the beach from which he could watch her.

She had lain down on the blanket, her hair spreading out to frame her delicate face. With her eyes closed against the glare of the sun, drops of water glittered on her long, sweeping eyelashes. Her tanned legs and arms contrasted with the white of the bathing suit covering her slim, lithe body. The tall, shapely girl did not notice the boy admiring her. He was quite handsome, with a strong, muscular body and a good-looking face. As he looked at the girl he kept his shy smile, but he wore an expression of awed amazement.

When the girl went to the bath-house he sadly watched her go. Suddenly he got up and followed her. Waiting outside, he saw her come out in street clothes and get into a nearly-new expensive convertible, well-known as belonging to the wealthiest family in town. As he watched her drive off, he dejectedly shook his head and walked back to get his decrepit bicycle.

Biography

by JOHN KUNISH '50

Little Willie,

An opened knife,

A banana peel,

Another life.

A Midsummer Night's Rain

by BETTY WEBER '50

All is quiet. The hot, heavy air hangs listlessly about, slowly settling down into every corner of the woods. Overhead, moon and stars are hidden by heaps of matted dark clouds. Occasionally a cricket chirps, and a mosquito drones past my ear. All about me are trees weighted down by dry green leaves. The grass, coated with dust and dirt, crackles beneath my feet. The air seems to stifle me with its odors. The whole woods is in a dull slumber.

Suddenly the atmosphere changes to one of tense expectancy. The lonely cricket's chirp has risen to a chorus of sounds that fills the night air.

From my position under a friendly maple tree, I try to locate one of the cheerful callers, but to no avail. My attention strays to a drooping, weebegone daisy growing nearby. It seems almost dead.

Now a soft sound is heard; a sound not unlike a tinkling bell. Unobtrusive at first, it grows in volume until it rises above the music of the crickets; yet it keeps its original rhythm. The rain has begun.

At the beginning I am quite dry under my shelter, but soon I discover that drops of rain are seeping through. The gentle rain continues, cooling my warm sticky face and relaxing my mind and body. Lying there, I am not doing any active thinking; still, I am happy. I am scarcely aware of just when the sound starts to lessen. But suddenly I notice that it is gradually diminishing, until it ceases altogether. The rain has passed.

As I look about, the aspect of the entire woods is changed. The green grass on the spongy ground looks soft and inviting. The trees have their newly dusted leaves in a proud manner. The filtered night air is cool and gently moving. I am loathe to leave my secluded place, and I try to think of excuses to stay. Then the clouds part, and the rays of moonlight come slipping down to earth. By chance, one falls on the daisy

I had noticed before, which is now standing tall and erect. A tiny drop of water lies nestled in the daisy's center. As I watch, this drop slowly makes its way down a luminous petal and splashes on the ground below. The magic spell woven by the rain is broken. For this night at least, I know there is nothing more for me.

Getting up, I brush off my clothes and start for home, realizing that I have witnessed an event that few are privileged to witness. Even the fact that I will not be able to share it with anyone will not dull its enjoyment. And at many times in the future when I am worn and tired, I can turn to my volume of treasured memories and recall the peace of that midsummer night's rain.

FIFTY CENTS AN

by CAROL A

“ONE dog with KP, two down, six brats to go.” Translation of this Penguin gibberish: one hot dog, only catsup and pickles, two nickel frozen custard cones, and six bratwurst complete with MPKO (mustard, pickles, catsup, onions) wrapped to take out.

This curb-service lingo was as much a part of the Penguin (just the plain Custard Stand to all its calloused-footed employees) as the black-and-white-painted penguin which perched awkwardly on the roof. It was here that I spent six days of every week for two summer months—not to mention several allowances. All that's left of my job now, though, is a mental scrapbook of worn memories and a washed-out print on my trench coat (impishly put there when my back was turned) which tells folks to “Save 25 out these empty bags and receive 1 free quart of custard.” It was fascinating work, and it wasn't long before I loved every root-beer glass and custard cup in the place. And besides having more fun and laughs than I could ever have had at any other job, I gained experience, a large bank account, and pounds.

My first day at the stand was like an eternity-long nightmare in which everything swirled faster and faster in an unending cycle. Jake (absolutely every one called everybody by her first name, except me—I was always just “Aggen”. No one seemed to remember that I even had a first name.) Well, anyway, Jake called on a Saturday, exactly four days after I'd put in my application. I can still hear him saying, oh, very briskly and business-like, “You start tomorrow. We'll pick you up at two sharp and make sure you're ready. We don't wait for anybody.” He really didn't mean to sound so hard-boiled, but he *was* the boss, and he didn't like waiting. Neither did I. Two minutes after one o'clock

I was sitting on the front porch with my coat buttoned—waiting. At two-thirty I was still on the porch—waiting. By three o'clock I was jumpy and scared; how could they possibly forget me? I squirmed and fidgeted for the next twenty minutes, deciding whether or not to call them and demand why they hadn't come. Their car rolled in the driveway at four-thirty; they had just forgotten to 'phone to say they'd be late.

I was terribly excited about my new job and talked continually all the way, which, after all, isn't anything unusual. It was the anniversary opening of the month-old Penguin and, unfortunately, it was the busiest day since their grand opening. The place was buzzing with activity and every one was dashing wildly around filling orders and washing dishes, chopping meat, and frying hamburgers. No one even saw me come in. Finally some one, I don't remember who, threw a clean checkbook my way and yelled, “There's a box of pencils over there; go to work.” I was miserable. Some one rattled off the endless list of prices, but they went out one ear just as fast as they came in the other. The trays which looked so easy to put on, completely baffled me. As for orders, I'd wait patiently in line 'til every one had yelled in their lists of ham-



HOUR — PLUS TIPS

AGGEN '48



burgers, steaks, malts, and what-not before I'd timidly say in a voice that was hardly more than a whisper, "I'd like two double - dip frozen custard cones, please" or, "Please give me one bratwurst with pickles, mustard, and onions." I soon found that the *only* thing to do was to elbow and squeeze your way through to the window and then holler so it could be heard in Sheboygan, "Two ups" or, "One brat, no catsup."

Of course, that was only my first day; there were many more that followed — hot days, when the sun beat down steadily, unmercifully, until

you thought you'd drown in your own sweat; so hot that the custard melted and ran down your fingers and into your sleeves before you could get it to the cars. Your pockets got so sticky it was misery reaching in and out for change, and the heat seemed to bore fiery holes through the thick rubber soles of your laced saddle shoes. Rainy days, when it thundered and lightened and the sky was black, and the people still came in the pouring rain. You'd stand by the car, wet and clammy, waiting with your pad and pencil while they slowly, so slowly, rolled down their window. Cold days, when you'd stand cold and shivering, hoping for cars to come, and when one did, run to meet it to get the

blood circulating in your legs again. Then you'd wait with icy fingers gripping a cold pencil while the customer debated whether or not to have root beer with his hamburger. Windy days, when the wind constantly blew your snarly hair into your eyes and mouth and whipped the order blanks out of your hands so that you'd have to chase after them between the cars—so windy it blew the straws away and sometimes even tipped the coke bottle you were carrying to the car and spilled the coke all over your coat.

There was always something to laugh at—usually it was me. It always seemed as if I was the only one who forgot which car the order went to, the only one who ever got the orders mixed, and the only one who took orders that didn't belong to him. More than one they'd ask me how I could possibly be so dumb, and more than once I proved my ignorance by tossing my head and haughtily replying, "Well, it isn't so hard!" They told me later that I had my lines crossed—I should've said it wasn't easy. An order of five hamburgers and four steaks fried faster than I figured once, and somehow my order blank was missing which meant the order couldn't be completed. Every one began searching frantically for the lost slip, and hamburgers and steaks got colder. I couldn't for my right arm remember what else was on the order, and I just absolutely couldn't find the order blank, and the hamburgers and steaks got colder and colder and colder. Eunice (she was about the third boss down, inside) was practically tearing her hair out by the roots, and just as she said, very exasperated, "Carol, Carol—where's your mind?" I found the missing paper nestled between the geraniums in the flower garden. Handing it to her, I exclaimed, "Well, it was right here on the ground!" It's like I said,



there was always something to laugh at—and usually it was me.

It didn't take long at all before I was flinging that fascinating vocabulary around as ably as every one else. In fact, the second

night I was calling my "beers" as loudly as the old-timers. The ups and downs were easy to master—ups were double dips, downs were single; it was that too-often-asked question "What is frozen custard?" that stumped me. I finally settled on the very vague and unintelligent answer, "It's like ice cream, only better." Malts were just ordinary "malts" and came in all flavors the most asked for being: str., pin., ch., van., and c. This was my own exclusive code, you understand, for strawberry, pineapple, chocolate, vanilla, and cherry. I had my own abbreviation system and used it constantly, much to the distress of those who had to fill my orders. It seemed easier, though (and so much cuter to scrawl "2 beers (1)" than to write as the others did, "2 R.B.'s and one free R.B." The free root beers were, of course, the mite-sized mugs *meant* for tiny tikes five years or under. But then, what would you do if your pal came and said, "Give me a free root beer, or else!" Well, so did we. But no matter who wrote it, root beer was always just plain "beer" to every one, which more than once proved rather embarrassing, for example: The customer would think, and think, and think, and *think*, and then finally answer to my cheerful, "Hello! and what would you like?", "Two rootbeers." Then, as I'd scribble down the order I'd repeat, "Two beers", and get the startled reply, "Oh, but we don't drink beer—we want *root* beer!" When it came to hamburgers (yes, the buns are toasted) almost everyone wrote "H.B.'s". Me, I put down "hams"—it made it seem like the people were getting more for their money. Steaks were steaks and always will be, but bratwurst we shortened to "brat" for the very simple

reason that no one knew whether to end the brat part with "worst", "wusch", or "wuscht". Somehow K always stood for catsup to me and no mater how hard I tried, or how many times the others told me, I just couldn't remember that C is for catsup. Hot dogs, shortened to "dogs", were popular with every one, and when I got up to about one hundred orders of hot dogs I almost half-expected them to hand me two or three Dachshund puppies. The only flaw in my code was that P meant either pickles or plain, so when some one ordered "1 steak P" I never knew where I was at.



There were usually four girls on duty, and we'd each have our own side to work on, but whether I worked on the north end or the south end, or even in the middle, it always seemed as though the oddest customers came to me. I was the one, who waited on the overalled farmer with the five kids packed into the back seat of the sputtering Model T who ordered twelve "rude bears" and "six a dem cones." Then there was the shaggy, wretched-looking bum who begged for "just one hamburger, lady?", and the woman who wanted a sundae with H.F. (hot fudge) on one end and banana split on the other, and the man who asked if we cleaned windshields, too, not to mention the ungentlemanly character who blew his straw in my face when I picked up his tray. And who got the people who "didn't want anything—just a glass of water"? You bet. But funny as some people were I wouldn't have wanted to miss meeting them for all the ch. malts in the world.

That was my summer at the Penguin (just the plain Custard Stand to all its calloused-footed employees) which I was as much a part of as the black-and-white painted penguin which perched awkwardly on the roof.

**BLACK and
WHITE...**





No Fooling

by CAROL AGGEN '48

"**E**VERYTHING's all set," I yelled and slammed the receiver on the hook, "we can have the hayride next Friday for sure. Hey ma! Did 'ja hear? We can have . . ."

"Yes, dear, I heard you the first time. That's nice. Hayrides are always so much fun."

Yes, hayrides are always so much fun. Remember the last one we had? It was a beautiful night, clear and serene, and the crisp clean-smelling air reminded me of freshly washed sheets that have been blowing in the wind all day. The sky was tar black and sprinkled with white-washed stars, and we laughed because we couldn't count them all. We laughed at everything that night. We laughed when that bag of apples broke; we laughed when we passed those sleepy-looking cows; we laughed at the frog that leaped across the road; and we laughed because we couldn't eat the Milky Way. The rack was piled high with starchy hay, and we carried some of it home in the cuffs of our jeans and some of it down our backs. But it smelled good. In fact, the whole country smelled good, didn't it? Remember that funny red lantern that kept swinging in rhythm with the horses as they jogged slowly along? Or maybe you don't. But I remember. I remember the songs we sang, they were mostly old ones like *There's a Long, Long Trail* and *Let the Rest of the World Go By*. They were old; we were young. I can almost taste

that too-sweet steaming cup of cocoa we had later at Dot's house. It felt warm and comforting in my stomach and made me forget my numb fingers and my cold feet. I can still feel the wind whipping at my hair as we raced down the semi-dark streets until we were home again, breathless, tired, but very happy. I almost didn't go along with the gang that night because you had written you couldn't come down. But you did come; I never could tell when you were fooling.

We always did like the same kind of fun, you and I, and we were always laughing and singing. We laughed because we felt good inside, and we sang for the same reason. We liked good times, and we had fun from the first minute we met. You do remember, don't you? It was a warm breezy afternoon, and I was glad the sun was so bright because it made my hair shiny. You were already on the lake trying out the second-hand motor you had just bought when we got to the cottage. I couldn't see you very well from the shore, but I liked the neat look of your white tee shirt and worn clean jeans and I liked the way you wore that funny trench hat. You couldn't hear very well with the motor making so much noise, but when Phil yelled, "This's my cousin," you hollered, "Hi", waved a sun-tanned arm and grinned in that silly crooked way I learned to like so well.

I didn't really get a good look at you until you took us for a ride around the

island, under the bridge, down to the dam, and back again. It was then I noticed how your eyes crinkled at the corners when you laughed, and they were always crinkly because you were always laughing. I liked that. I liked the way your even white teeth stood out against your dark tanned skin, too, and I liked that stubborn blond curl that kept dangling in your clear blue eyes. In fact, I guess I just liked you. I was glad when Phyllis said she had fixed things so that we could go to the dance together that night.

It wasn't one of those modern dances like we have here where nobody has a really good time, but everyone pretends he does. It was an old time dance at the Eagles' Club with only old time waltzes, and we had to climb two flights of creaky stairs before we came into the large, undecorated, crowded hall. It was a friendly place where everybody laughed, and everybody sang, and everybody talked to everybody else. We just couldn't help but have fun.

The Circle-Two-Step was every one's favorite, remember, and after the first time it was my favorite too. We'd "all join hands, ladies on the outside, promenade and circle left." It was like a square dance in waltz time. We'd change partners, swing around, waltz, swing around, then change partners again. We kept on until we were laughing so hard we just couldn't dance any more, and until we were so hot that the sweat ran down our foreheads and glistened on our noses.

After the Circle-Two-Step it was time to leave, but not before we danced to the closing waltzes, "I Love You Truly" and "The Waltz You Saved For Me." Everyone stopped laughing then; the lights were dimmed; and it was all very beautiful, quiet, and sad. I could hardly keep from crying because I never knew anything could be so wonderful. It was quiet for one solemn minute as the last note faded away, and

then all at once every one was smiling and talking again and getting his coat. You held my hand as we ran down those creaky stairs.

But our fun wasn't even over then. We all raced to the car laughing and yelling, "Last one in's a monkey" and "Let's get something to eat," and six of us crowded into the not-too-old car. We drove to the root beer stand and ordered a hot dog and root beer apiece and it cost a dollar because we broke one of the glasses. It was one-thirty by that time because the dance had ended at one, but we drove back to the cottage slowly because no one wanted to leave.

We were together a lot after that. There were picnics in the backyard, hikes through the woods, outdoor movies, swimming, and more dances at the Eagles'. But too-fast my vacation was over and I remembered I cried because I didn't want to come home. But you promised you'd write and you promised you'd come down and I half believed you, but I couldn't be sure because, you see, I never knew when you were joking.

So I left the lake and came back to my home, back to the friends I'd forgotten. You wrote to me that same week and although I read and reread your letter I never showed it to anyone else because I was ashamed to think you'd written "seen" instead of "saw". You wrote you'd come down the next weekend and you came. That's when we had the hayride, remember now? You not only came once but you came down three times, and each time there were more parties and more shows and more fun.

It's been a long time since I've seen you, though. I shouldn't have believed you the last time! I should never have thought you meant it when you said, "Be seeing you—for sure!" I shouldn't have believed you, but I did. No, I never did know when you were fooling.

Bertram

by SHIRLEY DREWS '48

I HAVE a small red leather portable radio, Bertram. Of course it's only *imitation* leather, but Bertram feels better and will play without static when I say simply, leather.

When Bertram is tuned to oldtime music he will rock merrily on his small table, jumping ferociously, his small white face with the shiny black numbers beaming cheerfully.

An entirely different Bertram can be found Sunday mornings when a church program is on. He will sit reverently, a shining mellow light gleaming from the spotless glass square.

Bertram dislikes the stock market report, and whenever a commentator drones his livestock news, Bertram will make annoying noises and crack.

Stella Dallas is a poignant subject with him and his battery will buzz sympathetic-

ally as Stella desperately battles her way through life.

Bertram loves Frankie Sinatra. Whenever the crooner's tender notes come slithering through, Bert will wriggle his aerial ecstatically and whirr a contented sound.

Horror stories are usually accompanied by squeaks, rattles, and cracks from inside the red leather case, and his wee light forms grotesque shadows on the far wall of my room.

His little tubes flash merrily when Bob Hope is on the air.

During the Wisconsin-Michigan football game last fall Bertram squawked complainingly for an entire hour.

Bertram burps when the Atlas Prager commercial comes on.

He is a faithful pal. I truly love my red leather Bertram and his AC current!

THINK BEFORE YOU VOTE

by BARBARA HAMILTON '49

The Student Council is the most important single student organization in Lincoln. To be worthy of this importance it should be composed of the most influential students in the school.

But on the present Student Council there are students who are only "benchwarmers", who contribute nothing to the working of the student government organization. Nothing can be done with these poorer members of the council except to urge them most strongly to attend the meetings and give accurate reports to their homerooms, but something can be done about next

year's.

The end of the year is approaching. It isn't too soon to think about next year's representatives. If you think your representative isn't doing a good job, campaign for some one better. The member should be someone besides a good football or basketball player. He must be active in school affairs, to know what the students want and need. He must not be afraid to voice his opinions.

Since the students elect the members, the students can blame only themselves if they think they have an inefficient council.

It's True

by CAROL AGGEN '48

It's true when I was born you couldn't know
What kind of person I'd grow up to be.
And yet, how many times your actions show
That you are not quite satisfied with me.
It seems you constantly must raise your
voice
To lecture on the little wrongs I do.
I sometimes think could you have had some
choice
You would have chosen one whose faults
were few—
A girl, perhaps, with disposition sweet;
A quiet thing that always would be good
And show respect; one who'd be clean and
neat—
You said yourself you knew I never could.
But if you think my virtues are too few,
Remember, parents, I take after you.

The Difference Is —

by DONALD STEPHENSON '48

Did you ever *watch* men play cards?
Each man is serious as he intently studies
his cards. A few crisp words are spoken,
the bids made. Each card is played with
deliberation and caution. At the end of the
hand, jokes, remarks, and chips are ex-
changed. The next hand proceeds in the
same way. Toward the end of a game, the
host quietly brings in a few refreshments
between hands.

Did you ever *hear* women play cards?
The lady next door had a few over at her
house last night so it was that or the radio
till twelve-thirty. My father doesn't even
say-a word. He goes to the movies.

As each guest arrives, the noise increases
a few decibels. Somehow, they are able to
play cards while maintaining a constant
stream of gossip, though at times the con-
versation is dulled while they decide whose
bid it is.

At intervals one voice climbs above all
the others and yells down something like
this, "Did you girls hear about the latest
scandal?"

All quiet down and lean forward eagerly.

In a low voice she continues, "Now I
wouldn't talk about a lady behind her back,
but I heard that Elsie....." When she
finishes, the others lean back and pretend
they thought it would happen all along.

With the smile of triumph, the hostess
serves her masterpiece, her pride swelled
to astronomical proportions by the com-
pliments of her guests. As she carries the
dishes back to the kitchen, one whispers
that the food wasn't fit for cats.

But the straw that breaks my back is to
sit down to the table some night and be
served salad and sandwiches.

"I'm not hungry tonight," mother says.
"I had lunch at bridge this afternoon."

B. F.'s Daughter

by JOHN P. MARQUAND

Reviewed by NADINE BROWN '49

A male author expressing a woman's feelings in true reality makes this book stand out above the others John P. Marquand has written.

B. F.'s Daughter is the first of Mr. Marquand's four novels and revolves around an aggressive woman, Polly Fulton. It gives a full picture of a period covering about thirty years before the last war.

Mr. Marquand creates a living character in "B. F.", Burton Fulton, a well-known self-made industrialist. Polly, his daughter, had everything any girl would desire. Brains, personality, beauty, and a wealthy father; a magnificent home at Grey's Point, Connecticut, a Park Avenue apartment — she had it all. She went to exclusive schools and took trips abroad. But she also had time on her hands. Her father had always given her all she wanted and without realizing it, dominated her life. Polly acquired her father's strength of wealth and generosity and also dominated the lives of two men that loved her. She was loved in a quiet manner by Bob Tasmin, who went to Groton, Yale, and Harvard. Tom Brett, a teacher at Columbia, also loved Polly.

She married Tom but made the mistake of not letting him do things. If he didn't buy what she wanted, she'd get it herself. No man could capture the affection she had for her father, and her husband couldn't possibly compete with the successful father-in-law.

All of "B. F.'s" friends referred to him as a most successful man, but he had failed in one way. He hadn't been able to teach his daughter true happiness. Polly did as she pleased and learned the hard way. Her ideals and good sense were so high she was bored by many men; she saw they had nothing to offer. In her marriage to Tom Brett her father sensed her unhappiness. He had known which of the two would be better for her but had never influenced her. Now she was married to one man and constantly thought of another.

Some say that *The Late George Apley* rates above *B. F.'s Daughter*, while still others maintain that *H. M. Pulham, Esquire* and *So Little Time* should top the list of Mr. Marquand's novels. But after more have read *B. F.'s Daughter*, I'm sure it will in many instances, surpass its predecessors.

Tranquillity

by MARGUERITE RAVEN '48

All is quiet;
The trees have been dusted by mops of rain;
Breezes break the pattering refrain.

The heavens clear;
A rainbow arches itself across the sky;
Silence reigns; God is nigh.

OURS IS THE BEST

by GERALD SALINSKY '48

AMERICA—the land of the free! For hundreds of years people all over the world have regarded America as being the one country where a person could live in freedom. Countless generations of Americans have accepted as commonplace such things as freedom of speech, freedom of the press, freedom of worship, and the right to vote. Many heroic battles have been fought to preserve these liberties, and many men have willingly died so that future Americans might live as a free people. Our country was founded by men who were determined that this land should be one in which people governed themselves. Tremendous obstacles had to be overcome before other nations accepted America as a great world power. Throughout our history our democratic form of government has been in constant danger because it offers a challenge to the people in foreign countries to rise up against their government and establish a system whereby they would decide who would rule. This challenge has been so feared by the power-thirsty leaders of these countries that they have tried every means at their disposal to block the progress of democracy. But they have failed miserably. The spark of democratic government has grown into so great a flame that nothing can extinguish it.

A truly great American, Franklin D. Roosevelt, once said that we have nothing to fear but fear itself. How right he was. As long as we have faith in what we are doing, the eventual outcome will be success. But once we lose faith, then everything else is lost, too.

We Americans too often take for granted the advantages which are ours under a democratic government. Take the school system for example. Have you ever thought

what it would be like going to school in a fascist or communistic country? To me going to school in America means a multitude of things. Only here can we choose the kind of school that we want to attend, and only here can we select our own course of study. From the first day of kindergarten to the last day of high school or college, our education is guided by teachers who are not told by the federal government what they must teach us. The teachers of America try to instill in their students a knowledge of what is right and what is wrong. To do this they allow the students to read any book or magazine and to make any comment. Another advantage of going to school in America is that the students are allowed, to a certain extent, to govern themselves. Our Student Council is an example of this. The council supervises most of the student activities. Probably the most important advantage of going to school in this country is that here a person can develop his talents for his own benefit. Whatever vocation he enters is one of his own choice. That's what makes America the great country that it is.

But now compare the aforementioned method of going to school with attending school in a fascist or communistic country. It might be well to point out first the differences between the latter two. A fascist type of government is controlled by men of great power and wealth—industrialists, merchants, and military leaders. Hitler's Nazi Germany was one of these. Hitler tried to impress on the minds of his people that he was born to be their leader, and that they could conquer the world. The only difference between a fascist and communistic government is that in a communistic government every one is supposed to share

equally in the wealth of the country. The common man presumably has as much power as a member of the aristocracy. However, many times this isn't true. Usually the supreme power rests in the hands of one man. Nevertheless, the basic principles behind the two are the same. They are both dictatorships. When a certain party wishes to gain power, the first move is to get rid of the present rulers. Once they are out of the way there is nothing to interrupt the seizure of the government by these corrupt politicians. Their next important step is to take over the schools. You might think that this is a rather foolish thing to do so soon, but dictators consider it a matter of utmost importance. By dictating what should be taught in the schools, they hope to influence the future adults of that country to believe in the same ideals which they, the leaders, do. To accomplish this, they maintain a strict censorship over what books the students read and what studies they are taught. For instance, in a German school the teacher could teach only those subjects which were in line with the fascist form of government. Any book which opposed fascism was confiscated. A

boy was taught that in order to be a good German he must also be a good soldier. His education dealt mostly with the operation of machines and military warfare. He attended what you might call a military training school. The same is true in a communistic country. Neither the students nor the teachers have anything to say regarding the system of teaching school.

By now perhaps you can see what a wonderful country we live in. Ours is one of the few nations in the world where the people have a voice in the government. We select men to represent us, and they make the laws by which we are governed. When we want a change made, we don't start a revolution; we merely elect new officials at the next election.

America has become the hope and the leader of the world. A democracy is by far the hardest type of government, but it is the best. We, the youth of today and the citizens of tomorrow, must strive in every way to keep it in that position, for a democracy is the only government of the people, by the people, and for the people.

ESCAPADE IN THE DARK

by KAREN RISTAD '49

A thrill shivered up her spine. An adventure, something different, was going to happen to her. From the top of the incline, the darkness gave the impression of what sailors of old imagined the end of the world to be. The freshly greened trees shaded the light from the constellations of the skies and gave the night a whishing sound.

Slowly, she and her companion descended the rough path. She walked uneasily on her three-inch heels until the arm of her friend went round her to steady her.

Down, endlessly down, seemed the journey into nowhere. A branch caught

the stocking of the girl and a tickle crept up her leg as a gigantic run ravaged her stocking. Minutes passed and soon the sound of waves could be heard clearly.

An arch, made by the trees, became visible as they approached their destination. The stars cast their eerie light on the sand and the waves.

Bubbles of laughter rose within her when she thought of the extent to which people exert themselves to vary their lives.

This was just an escapade after a Saturday night date.

Don't call me Frankie

by FRANK NOVITSKI '50

NAMING one's child is a task which most people don't take seriously. I speak on this subject with considerable feeling, for I am not satisfied with my "handle". When someone shouts "Hey, Frankie," I immediately wish he would drop dead, yet I can't blame him, because Frank is my name. It is my parents who are at fault. They, too, aren't entirely to blame, because they were never educated on this most important subject.

How to name a boy! This is a problem which has faced men and women for centuries. Yet there's really nothing to it. Whenever you meet some poor victim stuck with a high-sounding or ultra-fancy name, chances are that it was the so-called better half's fault, not the father's.

I believe that the name should be chosen either before the birth of the child, or several months later. It is a generally known fact that the father is in a weakened condition after the arrival of the child; this fact is usually due to bragging to his friends and staying awake nights planning his son's future. When his wife suggests that they name their little brat Achilles or Theobald, he is too exhausted to argue.

When choosing a name, it is important to ignore completely rich relatives. It is foolish to perpetuate some foolish name in hopes that you will be left a share of the inheritance, for the old gent probably won't kick through with the money anyway.

In all the books I have read, and in all the movies I have seen, I have paid close attention to the names of the characters. I have yet to see the hero with a sneaky-sounding name, or the villain with a decent one. If people realized how carefully fiction writers choose the names of their characters, they would certainly give their children

good names which would bring up a good picture in other people's minds, not make a bad impression.

The most important point I wish to make is not to name your child after some one, for this is one setup in which the kid just can't win. After wars kids are named after football heroes or test pilots; during wars, after famous leaders. Imagine a poor child with the name Lionel; this is all right while he is still young, and people remember the great person after whom he is named, but long before he is grown into manhood, the great man will have passed into oblivion, and all that remains is a screwy name.

Still more important than not dubbing the kid after some hero is not to name him after yourself, for if you are famous, your child will live under the shadow of your name; if you're a good-for-nothing bum, your child certainly wouldn't want to have your name. A hideous danger that you flirt with when you name your child after yourself is that he may be called Junior. If he does get called Junior, the name will be with him for years, unless he dispenses numerous black-eyes and bloody noses, and earns himself a nickname, such as Stinky.

The strongest complaint that children named after one of their parents make is what happens when they answer the phone. I speak with authority on this, because I have been stuck with my dad's name. I pick up the receiver of the phone, and some one says, "Is Frank there?" I reply that he is speaking to Frank. He then proceeds to pour out his troubles into my ear, and in about five minutes the bright idea strikes me that he doesn't want to talk to me, but he wants my dad. Of course Frank, Sr. has the same problem.

You might as well ignore books dedicated to the problem of helping parents to

choose a name for their child, for they're utterly useless. According to these books, Paul means "little", and Ross means "horse". However, I know several boys named Paul who have grown to be well over six feet, and I have yet to meet a boy named Ross who acts, looks, or smells like a horse. Chances are that not one in a thousand knows or cares what his name means, let alone lives up to it.

All that naming a child really amounts to is either bestowing upon him a name of which he can be proud or one which will prove to be a handicap. Give him a simple masculine name; one which will allow him to make his personality felt.

What'll I name my child? Well, I think it would be nice if there would be some one to perpetuate my name, so if I can have a son I'll probably call him Frank.

My Hero

by MARY LOU SCHMITZ '50

IT ALL started with a silly bet. Daddy had insisted that Hein, the small wiry forward on the local high school basketball team, would outscore my favorite player, Bob Wheeling. He was playing in the center position and wasn't doing so hot up until the last game of the season. Manitowoc was host to the top team in the league that night, and I could feel the excitement and rivalry spreading through the crowd. I was sitting with my friends down in the first row; I was determined not to miss a play. Daddy was sitting with a couple of men right next to the door of the dressing room. The band started playing, the cheerleaders led a welcome cheer for our opponents, and then everybody rose to fill the air with the peppy melody of the school song. The game began.

During the first half, the ball game went like all games. The tip-off went to our team, and Hein, my daddy's favorite, made the first basket. How the crowd yelled! Both teams exchanged baskets and Wheeling made two free-throws. The first quarter ended with a 6-2 score. Then my thoughts began to wander. I remembered the joking that had gone on at the supper table that night. Daddy started teasing me about the case I had on Bob Wheeling, and he was sure Hein would outscore Wheeling 2-1. I was quick in defending my favorite and vehemently brought forth the

fact that Hein already had a three point advantage, and there are certain nights a fellow just isn't *on*. Amid more teasing I had let my thoughts wander to Bob, himself. This wasn't hard to do! He was so tall, so cute, and oh..... With the whistle sounding the end of the first half, my thoughts came back to the game. Our rivals had surged ahead by five points. It seems that Hein had three baskets and a free-throw to his credit, while Bob Wheeling had only one basket and two free-throws. According to the announcers, he was playing a wonderful defensive game but missing his set-up shots. I was confident that he'd do better the second half.

Between halves the band played and, when the teams came back on the floor, "Casey" was in full swing. The crowd set up a yell, and the band followed with the school fight song. Every one rose as the whistle blew. Wheeling jumped high, tipped the ball to Rohn, the other forward, and the crowd settled back to watch the second half. The fast-playing teams didn't give my thoughts a chance to wander. They traveled up and down the floor so fast that everyone was surprised when the whistle blew ending the third quarter. Our team had crowded their opponents to a scant three point lead. Bob Wheeling had tied Hein's efforts with a perfect set-up shot a few seconds before the whistle blew. Every-

body waited impatiently for play to resume while the teams planned their fourth quarter campaign. It was a wild, exciting quarter. First one team would forge ahead, then the other. Hein and Bob Wheeling had both added three points to the score when a time-out was called. Three minutes left to play. Our team was still three points behind. Could they win? Would they win? These questions were tumbling about in my mind as I jumped up and down. Those last three minutes abounded with excitement. First one team made a basket; then the other team dribbled down the floor, passed the ball a couple of times, and dropped it neatly through the hoop. There were one and a half minutes to play. Wheeling missed a free-throw, and the crowd sighed. For forty-five seconds our opponents held the ball. Then Bob Wheeling intercepted a pass; he passed the ball to Hein underneath the basket and Hein tipped

it in. He now led the individual scoring by two points. The last twenty-five seconds our opponents had complete control of the ball. The crowd grew quiet with disappointment and started to file slowly out of the gym. The players walked wearily to the dressing room. The game was over; I had lost my bet, and our team had lost the final game of the season.

Later that night, lying wide awake in my bed, I turned the events of the game over in my mind. Although the game had ended in such disappointment, I was really very happy. I knew that Daddy would tease me for days to come about losing that bet, but it didn't matter any more. Bob had come over after the game, and he had pulled my pigtails and asked how I had liked the game! I'll never forget how red I got when Daddy told him about the bet. Oh, if I'd only been born eight years sooner!

Home

by GEORGE SPOENTGEN '48

'Tis near the end of day; all work is done.
The sun hangs low, and daylight starts to
fade
O'er workmen homeward bound, while
children run
In streets where all day long they've
played
Their many games. But now for them the
day
Is almost done. No longer can they roam
And play their games, but till tomorrow
they
Must put aside their toys and head for home.
For home, a place that people never seem
To miss until they leave for worlds outside.
And yet, some day when things go wrong
they dream
Of it, and, though some veil their tears in
pride,
They wish that they had never left to roam
Far from the place that they still call their
home.

Here's thanks to our

Patrons

Manitowoc Ship Building Company, South 16th and River Streets

J. C. Penney Company, 902 South 8th Street

Aluminum Goods Manufacturing Company, 1512 Washington Street

Boston Store, 2 North 8th Street

Brandt Printing & Binding Co., 817 Chicago St.

Schuetz Brothers Company, 804 Jay Street

City Officials, 817 Franklin Street

Manitowoc Savings Bank, 924 South 8th Street

Rahr Malting Company, 605 Washington Street

Hoyer Brothers Clothing Store, 814 South 8th Street

Normington's Laundry and Dry Cleaning, 1020 South 26th Street

A. M. Richter and Sons Company, 710 Madison Street

Urbanek and Schlei, undertaking, 818 State Street

East Wisconsin Trustee Company, 926 South 8th Street

Hamachek Company, 822 Franklin Street

Herald Times, 902 Franklin Street

Kasper Construction Company, 1203 North 16th Street

Seitz's Recreation Center, 927 South 13th Street

Sorge Ice Cream and Dairy Company, 707 York Street

Manitowoc Motors Incorporated, 1207 Washington

Lakeside Packing Company, 508 Jay Street

Schmidtman Company, 702 Jay Street

Hubert R. Aggen, signs, 825 South 23rd Street

Aluminum Specialty Company, South 17th and Wollmer Streets

Ames Motors Garage, 916 South 10th Street

Bach's Travel Shop, 821 Washington Street

Drs. Belson and Radl, 904A South 8th Street

Dr. Gilbert J. Blahnik, 1036 South 8th Street

Freddy Brick's, 118 North 8th Street

Burger Boat Company, Spring Street

The Capitol Hotel, 719 Jay Street

Color Craft Printers Incorporated, 211 North 10th Street

Dick Brothers Bakery, 306 North 8th Street

E and B Bindery, 709 Buffalo Street

Eastman Manufacturing Company, 1002 North 11th Street

Eddy Paper Corporation, 2000 South 18th Street

Fischl Ice Cream and Dairy Company, 1421 Marshall Street

Glander Art Studio, 822 Washington Street

Gray Robinson Construction Company, 819 South 15th Street

Hamilton Flower Store, 102 North 8th Street

Heresite and Chemical Company, 822 South 14th Street

Kaufman Manufacturing Company, 547 South 29th Street

Koepp Electric Motor Company, 931 South 10th Street

Krueger and Shimon, linoleum and carpeting, 710 York Street

Lindstedt Hoffman Company, 812 Washington St.

Manitowoc Citizens Loan and Investment

Company, 808 Washington Street

Manitowoc Guernsey Dairy Company, 934 South 21st Street

Pauly and Pauly Cheese Company, 511 Quay

Street

Pfeifer's Food Market, 807 North 8th Street

Quality Fruit Company, 822 South 13th Street

Rahr's Incorporated, 901 South 8th Street

The Reiss Coal Company, 509 Jay Street

Rummele's Incorporated, 818 South 8th Street

Dr. J. T. Savage, 904A South 8th Street

Scheurell Clothing Company, 814 Washington St.

Sears Roebuck and Company, 1 North 8th Street

Sigman's Ladies Apparel, 1422 Washington Street

Sindelar Bakery Company, 1208 Washington Street

The Spindler Company, 821 South 10th Street

J. J. Stangel Hardware Company, 823 South 8th Street

Sunny Valley Creamery Company Incorporated, 1201 South 10th Street

Tasty Crispy, 918 Washington Street

Triangle Oil Company, 1102 Franklin Street

Trio Lunch, 1314 Washington Street

Wagner's Style Shop, 903 South 8th Street

Dr. Charles E. Wall, 904A South 8th Street

White House Milk Company Incorporated, 102 Spring Street

Wisconsin Malting Company, 605 South 21st Street

Arthur J. Wyseman, attorney, 904A South 8th St.

Dunning Grocery, 1805 Washington Street

Louie's Sporting Goods Store, 717 Franklin Street

Veterans of Foreign Wars, 902 York Street

Arctic Ice Cream Bar, 906 Washington Street

Baryenbruch's Dixie Service Station, 732 North 11th Street

Berkedal and Shimek, 822 York Street

Coffee Cup, 826 South 8th Street

Crystal Ice Company, 1310 Clark Street

First National Bank, 202 North 8th Street

First Securities Company, 803 York Street

Geiger and Geisler Meat Market, 308 North 8th Street

Guse Lumber Company, 901 Commercial Street

Hamilton's Flowers, 102 North 8th Street

Hotel Manitowoc, 204 North 8th Street

Huchthausen Hardware Company, 939 South 8th Street

Invincible Metal Furniture Company, 842 South 26th Street

Kattner Brothers Meat Market, 1701 Madison St.

Knutson Cities Service Station, 2216 Marshall St.

Otto Kuechle Company, furniture, 819 Jay Street

Lauson Chevrolet Company, 1221 Franklin Street

Manitowoc Creamery, 912 South 17th Street

Manitowoc Knitting Mills, 1620 Madison Street

Manitowoc National Bank, 806 Washington Street

Manitowoc Seed Company, 1009 South 10th Street

Mike's Grocery, 1702 Hamilton Street

Montgomery Ward and Company, 817 South 8th Street

Napp Office and School Supply Company, 902 Washington Street

Junias H. Pleuss Realty Company, 807 Jay Street
 Frederick W. Raeuber, architect, 1024 South
 9th Street
 W. Rathsack and Son Hardware Company, 814
 Jay Street
 Red Top Cab Company, 821 York Street
 Art Schmidt Service Station, 802 North 8th Street
 Schmitt Lumber Company, 1117 Franklin Street
 Scheffler Clover Farm, 1423 South 10th Street
 Thompson's Super Service Station, 734 North
 8th Street
 Truck Service Company, 1104 North 8th Street
 Wollersheim Studio, 104 North 8th Street
 Zimmerman's Ready to Wear Incorporated, 931
 South 8th Street

Safe Way Motor Coach Company, 510 Com-
 mercial Street
 Schlei Dray Line Incorporated, 936 South 18th St.
 Shulander's Flowers, 110 North 8th Street
 Worel Hardware Company, 205 North 8th Street

Anderson Electric Company, 823 Washington St.
 Annette Beauty Shoppe, 1312 Washington Street
 Badger Specialty Company, 815 Jay Street
 Bartelme's Food Market, 731 North 11th Street
 Beacon Lunch, 316 North 8th Street
 Ed Beaudoin's Standard Service Station, 304
 North 10th Street
 Boelter Jewelry, 1114 Washington Street
 Perc Brandt, architect, 104 North 8th Street
 Drs. Brenne and La Course, 808 Commercial Street
 Brey's Food Store, 318 North 8th Street
 Buerstatte Company, 919 South 8th Street
 Burtard's Upholstering Shop, 1025 South 26th St.
 John R. Cashman, attorney, 821 Washington Street
 Cher-Make Sausage Company, 1009 Washington
 Street

Copper Boiler and Heater Works, 522 Jay Street
 Irwin E. Dalton, insurance, 904 South 8th Street
 Derby Hill Grocery, 2103 South 9th Street
 Dicke and Dicke, 904A South 8th Street
 Don's Pasty Shop, 919 Washington Street
 Dunrite Perm Mold Industries, North 9th and
 Commercial Streets
 Dusold's Grocery, 1336 South 8th Street
 Economy Boys Auto Supply Stores, 1130
 Washington Street
 Dudley O. Emmert, attorney, 926 South 8th Street
 Dr. Norman C. Erdmann, 104 North 8th Street
 Falk Hardware Company, 209 North 8th Street
 Jack Foley Clothier, 206 North 8th Street
 Dr. H. R. Francar, 808 Washington Street
 Fronk's Bakery, 436 North 9th Street
 Fuka's Drug Store, 1914 Hamilton Street
 Gene's Super Service Station, 315 North 10th St.
 B. F. Goodrich Stores, 813 Jay Street
 Groffman Drug Store, 925 South 8th Street
 H and H Lunchroom, 930 South 9th Street
 Hartl Food Market, 1801 Western Avenue
 Hessel Music House, 1226 Washington Street
 Dr. George M. Hoffman, 707 Franklin Street
 Mark L. Hooper, certified public accountant,
 817 South 8th Street
 Hopp Sales Company, 1308 South 15th Street
 Hougen, Brady, and Murphy, lawyers, 817 South
 8th Street
 Jagodensky Grocery, 1402 Division Street
 Kellner Brothers, 902 Chicago Street
 Otto Klein Grocery, 1232 South 10th Street
 Korzinek Music Shop, 909 Washington Street
 Kraemer Auto Service, 924 Buffalo Street
 Krieg's Markets, 901 Washington Street and
 1719 South 10th Street

Kreie's Lunch, 1406 Washington Street
 Dr. J. M. Kropp, 1002 Washington Street
 Kuhl's Shoe Stores, 809 Quay Street and 314
 North 8th Street
 Kunz Service Shop, 302 North 9th Street
 Merle J. LeBreck, 1029 South 11th Street
 Michael Lutz, 906 Jay Street
 Manitowoc Builders Company, 2122 Fairmont
 Street
 Manitowoc Circulators, 208 North 8th Street
 Manitowoc Land and Fuel Company, 720 Quay
 Street
 Manitowoc Oil Company, 1101 South 10th Street
 Manitowoc Silent Automatic Service, 1401 South
 8th Street
 Maresch Printing Company, 206 North 6th Street
 Maresch Radio and Appliance Service, 904
 Washington Street
 Markham and Markham Agency, 926 South 8th St.
 Midwest Creamery Company, 1617 Washington St.
 Myers Electric Company, 1916 Hamilton Street
 Myers Refrigeration, 1916 Hamilton Street
 Nash and Nash, attorneys, 926 South 8th Street
 H. N. Nelson Oil Company, 204 North 10th Street
 George C. Peterson Sheet Metal Works, 304 North
 9th Street
 Plantico Coal Company, 702 Washington Street
 George Ploederl, 1503 South 25th Street
 Radandt and Sons, 2382 South 18th Street
 Raih's Service Station, 2902 Meadow Lane
 Ridge Motor Supply, 915 South 10th Street
 Hugo Rose, insurance, 1106 South 8th Street
 Dr. R. P. Rotter, 926 South 8th Street
 George Rutherford and Company, 814 Madison
 Street
 Sammon's Grocery, 1624 New York Avenue
 William Schaus and Son Appliances Sales and
 Service, 1013 Franklin Street
 William C. Schwantes Manufacturing Company,
 1544 North 8th Street
 Sepnaski's Meat Market, 1521 Washington Street
 Sinclair Refining Company, North 11th and Buffalo
 Streets
 Smalley Manufacturing Company, 511 York Street
 Square Deal Oil Company, 2416 Washington Street
 Standard Oil Company, 1121 Buffalo Street
 Stephani Strupp Oil Company, 1137 South 10th
 Street
 John H. Stroer, florist, 1801 Michigan Avenue
 Dr. A. F. Stueck, 709 Franklin Street
 Clarence E. Teitgen, attorney, 927A South 8th
 Street
 Drs. Teitgen and Teitgen, 927A South 8th Street
 Tommy's Deep Rock Service Station, South 26th
 and Custer Streets
 Toy Shop, 933 South 8th Street
 John Tusil, fish market, 822 South 10th Street
 Norbert Vogt, sheet metal, 1934 South 9th Street
 Waak's Food Market, 744 South 17th Street
 Bill Wagner's Food Market, 2204 Washington St.
 Wergin's Cleaners, 502 South 29th Street
 Julius Wergin, painter, 1229 South 22nd Street
 Westshore Chemical Company, 1122 Fairmont St.
 Wickman's Cycle Service, 109 North 10th Street

Beerntsen's Confectionery, 108 North 8th Street
 Hillside Grocery, 2115 Western Avenue
 Holy Family Conservatory of Music and Art,
 1015 South 11th Street
 Johnson Electric and Radio Shop, 908 Washington
 Street
 Manitowoc Paper Box Company, 525 South 29th
 Street
 Midget Cafe, 912 Franklin Street

Pfeffer Furniture Store, 915 Washington Street
William J. Strothoff Grocery, 1301 Columbus St.

Addison House, 801 South 13th Street
Dr. N. W. Allan, 926 South 8th Street
Ames Dress Shop, 808 South 8th Street
Dr. M. P. Andrews, 826 South 8th Street
Baetke Meat Market, 1127 South 10th Street
Dr. F. W. Barnstein, 713 Washington Street
Beauty Box, 825 South 8th Street
Bent's Cycle Shop, 1020 South 10th Street
The Big Shoe Store, 816 South 8th Street
Dr. G. W. Blaesser, 926 South 8th Street
Dr. N. A. Bonner, 709 Washington Street
Braun Motor Company, 1014 South 10th Street
Arnold Brey, masseur, 817 South 8th Street
Dr. A. Bruins, 104 North 8th Street
Busse's Drug Store, 724 York Street
Buerstatte Electric Service, 847 North 18th Street
Checker Cab Company, 714 Washington Street
Chermak Meat Market, 210 North 8th Street
City Auto Sales, 824 Commercial Street
Creditors' Adjustment Bureau, 904A South 8th St.
John C. Danielson, attorney, 927A South 8th Street
Detjen's Clover Farm Store, 507 Huron Street
Detry's Drug Store, 1604 Washington Street
J. F. Dettman, interior decorator, 807 York Street
Dome Service Station, 401 North 8th Street
Dr. W. E. Donohue, 910A South 8th Street
Dramm The Florist, 909 Park Street
Eddie's Grocery, 2505 Western Avenue
Erdman Motor Company, Incorporated, 1101 Franklin Street
Fairview Food Market, 1002 North 21st Street
Fisher and Smith, attorneys, 927A South 8th Street
George's Service Station, 1037 South 26th Street
Ben Graycarek, 605A Buffalo Street
Greenwald Cash Food Market, 1720 South 10th Street
Laddie Gregurich, insurance, Custerdale Block L2R
Stanton Greisen, life insurance, 926 South 8th Street
Griffin Woolen Mills, 1332 North 8th Street
Drs. F. W. and R. W. Hammond, 902 Jay Street
Burton Hansen, jewelry, 1224 Washington Street
Dr. I. H. Hanson, 817 South 8th Street
Hardow Plumbing Service, 1007 South 10th Street
Health Spot Shoe Shop Incorporated, 831 South 8th Street
Dr. Joseph S. Hurka, 904A South 8th Street
Jensen's Ready to Wear, 820 Washington Street
Johnson Publishing Company, 722 Commercial St.
Johnson Shoe Company, 913 South 8th Street
Dr. W. W. Just, 104 North 8th Street
Eugene L. Kadow, 905 South 8th Street
Karmelkorn Shop, 114 North 8th Street
John J. Koehler, jeweler, 13 North 8th Street
J. J. Koutnik, monuments, 1114 South 10th Street
Joseph Kovar, tailor, 112 North 8th Street
Krainik's Dixie Service Station, 2315 Western Avenue
S. S. Kresge Company, 836 South 8th Street
S. S. Kresge Company, 832 South 8th Street
E. H. Krueger, real estate and insurance, 926 South 8th Street
Harold A. Kugler, certified public accountant, 926 South 8th Street
Lake to Lake Dairy Co-op, 917A South 8th Street
Lewis Studio, Thorp, Wisconsin
Paul F. Machus, accountant, 926 South 8th Street
Herb Mahnke Grocery, 940 North 11th Street
Manitowoc Dispatch Transit, 1422 Wollmer Street
Manitowoc Junk and Second Hand, 1121 South 10th Street

Manning's Grocery, 3002 Meadow Lane
John C. Mayer, attorney, 917A South 8th Street
Dr. G. J. McCully, 939A South 8th Street
McKenzie-Hague-Simmons Company, South 5th and Jay Streets
McNeil's Shoe and Smartwear, 911 South 8th Street
Meisner's Standard Service Station, 1301 Washington Street
Edward Meyer, attorney, 913A South 8th Street
Dr. J. W. Meyer, 818 South 8th Street
Sherb K. Meyer, 910 South 9th Street
Carl Meyers Super Service Station, 1421 South 10th Street
Robert W. Mlada, 1012 Manila Street
Mitzi Shop, 808 South 8th Street
Morris Refrigeration Service, 901 Jay Street
Nelesen Plumbing Company, 823 Buffalo Street
Dr. M. A. Nemetz, 926 South 8th Street
North End Drug Store, 302 North 8th Street
North End Grocery, 901 North 11th Street
Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance Company, 104 North 8th Street
Oriental Milling Company, 822 Quay Street
Dr. R. W. Parish, 821 Washington Street
Paulus Music Shop, 819 South 8th Street
Princess Confectionery, 908 South 8th Street
Quality Market, 1319 Washington Street
Raminger's Bakery, 1228 South 10th Street
Rappel's Food Market, 940 North 14th Street
Dr. W. A. Rauch, 903A South 8th Street
Riverview Meat Market, 2415 Western Avenue
Roy's Tire and Battery Service, 417 North 10th Street
Ruzek's Service Station, 735 North 11th Street
Savoy Cafe, 115 North 8th Street
Emil Schaus Hardware, 912 Jay Street
Dr. Walter H. Scherping, 817 South 8th Street
Schneider Transport and Storage Incorporated, 823 South 13th Street
Schnorr Brothers, 1919 South 10th Street
Dr. Elmer A. Schuette, 808A Washington Street
Singer Sewing Machine Company, 915 South 8th Street
Strand Theater, 315 North 8th Street
Dr. L. D. Sobush, 1004 South 10th Street
Dr. Sylvester J. Stangel, 709 Washington Street
Dr. J. W. Steckbauer, 926 South 8th Street
Dr. R. G. Strong, 821A Washington Street
Tadych Clover Farm Store, 2003 Hamilton Street
Terens and Gollata Building and Construction Company, 1206 South 26th Street
Timm's Tire and Battery Service, 720 Commercial Street
John A. Traurig Printing Company, 1310 Division Street
Dr. F. E. Turgasen, 926 South 8th Street
Dr. Stefan V. Urban, 939A South 8th Street
Leslie J. Valleskey, attorney, 907 South 8th Street
Vic's Fineart Printing, 810 Quay Street
Vogue Beauty Shop, 7 North 8th Street
Weber's Home Bakery, 816 Washington Street
Dr. D. H. Wenstadt, 104 North 8th Street
White House Lunch Room, 1865 Spring Street
Ray Wilda's Grocery, 1915 Western Avenue
Wimpy's Lunch Room, 1507 Washington Street
Wisconsin Lunch Restaurant, 805 Quay Street
Wisconsin Shoe Repair Shop, 830 South 8th Street
T. C. Worthington, certified public accountant, 913A South 8th Street
Yellow Cab Company, 714 Washington Street
Dr. R. G. Yost, 918 Washington Street
Dr. A. J. Zimmer, 903A South 8th Street
Zimmerman Meat Market, 1136 South 10th Street

